

## "WE WILL FIGHT," BERLIN'S REPLY

Scheidemann Sends Word  
To Danzig Territory  
Will Be Protected.

Berlin, May 12.—(Delayed.)—"We will fight to the uttermost against separation by violence of any German territory," Chancellor Scheidemann declared in a proclamation forwarded to Danzig today.

Under the provisions of the treaty, Danzig is to be a free city, administered by the league of nations. Scheidemann, War Minister Noske, Hugo Haase and Konstantin Fehrenbach president of the national assembly, addressed that body today. The deputies stood and cheered for several minutes at the chancellor's words. "Take away that vile murder plot!" as he gestured toward a copy of the treaty.

Demonstrations against the peace treaty continued in several parts of the city.

The Berlin newspapers, commenting on yesterday's meeting of the national assembly, today echoed Chancellor Scheidemann's verdict of "unacceptable" regarding the peace terms. The Tageblatt, however, disapproved of Konstantin Fehrenbach, president of the assembly, "waving the flag of revenge."

A report was received here today that a general strike has been declared in Weimar.

## Funeral Services Today For Mrs. August Harris

Funeral services for Mrs. August Harris, widow of the late Edwin Harris, will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late residence, 1809 H street northwest.

Mrs. Harris is survived by three children: Miss Louise Harris, E. Allen Harris, secretary and treasurer of the jewelry firm of Harris and Schaefer, and G. M. Harris, of New York City.

## Hearings Resume Today On W. R. & E. Relief Plea

Hearings on the rates of the Washington Railway and Electric Railway Company will be resumed by the Public Utilities Commission this morning at 10:30 o'clock in the board room of the District Building.

Following the cross examination of the representatives of the company, the price will be given an opportunity to ask questions.

## GIRLS! YOU CAN LIFT THEM OFF

Doesn't hurt a bit to lift your  
sore, touchy corns  
right out

A noted Cincinnati authority discovered a new ether compound called it freezone and a quarter ounce of it now can be had for a few cents at any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of this magic freezone upon a tender corn or painful callus and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off with the fingers.

You feel no pain, not a particle of soreness, either when applying freezone or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses, just shrivel up and lift off so easy. It is wonderful! It works like a charm. Try it!

Women should keep it on their dressers and never let a corn ache twice.—Adv.

## GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE NEWS

The linotype chapel held a special meeting yesterday and appointed Bill Dawson, Don Murray, and Herbert Schwingle as a committee to cooperate with the other chapels in the printing divisions to wait upon the Public Printer and ask for an increase to \$1 an hour for printers and operators of typesetting machines, pending final action of Congress on the recommendations of the reclassification committee.

It seems that printers, binders, and clerks are about the only classes in the shop who have not been given substantial increases, and the men feel that any relief resulting from the present investigation at best is very remote.

Mr. Ridings' day monotype section has been presented with a German helmet as a prize for the largest Victory Bond subscription in the office, their total of \$5,000 leading all other divisions.

Three other helmets will be distributed as soon as the percentages can be determined.

Today you will receive your questionnaire, and you will be allowed to retain it until Saturday, in order to answer ample time to properly answer all the questions. Answer all of them as instructed by your delegate, and for goodness' sake, don't slight any of your accomplishments.

Next week we will have the privilege of contributing to the home service fund of the Salvation Army, and, as in all other such work, the G. P. O. can be depended upon to go the limit. Right in the trenches, and even over the top, the Salvation Army was always on the job, and every neighborhood knew where he could get doughnuts whether he had any dough or no.

Forty foundrymen will compete tonight on the Grand Central alleys for the prizes offered in the handpan tournament. These boys have done considerable bowling this winter, and the benefit of the exercise is reflected in the increased efficiency of the force.

The spring clean-up is in full swing in the new building. Radiator pipes, scrubbed and polished as directly as if a congressional committee were expected through on a tour of inspection. Perhaps even the drinking fountain will receive the attention they so richly deserve.

An invitation outing under the auspices of the Young Bachelors' Club of the day proof room will be held at Great Falls on Sunday next. Arrangements are being perfected by a committee under the direction of President Burnett H. Ackert and Secretary E. Jackie Dwight.

Arthur R. Baker is detailed from the monotype section to the library branch as makurup.

James W. Lee, Roland Brown, James M. Marshall, Percy H. Evans and Eugene S. Starks have been appointed as elevator conductors.

Percy S. Wallace is at work in the monotype section after six weeks' illness.

Richard J. Hardin Camp, Spanish war veteran, meets at 8 o'clock tonight in Pythian Temple.

James H. Wilcox, of the keyboard room, who has been suffering with blood poisoning in his hand, is improving.

George P. Hickman has been absent from the monotype hand section several days because of illness.

George W. Felton has been enjoying seven days' leave from the press room.

## The Amazing Story of Maria Botchkareva Leader of the Russian Battalion of Death

I returned to the Vasilievs by trolley. On the car there were many soldiers, and again their conversation cheered me up.

"A fine end we have come to! The Germans are moving nearer and nearer, and here they are shooting and arresting the people!" the men said to one another. "Why don't they send the Red Guard to resist the enemy? We are being sold to the Germans."

This was my second encounter with sober-thinking soldiers in one day. I arrived at Daria Maximovna's in high spirits. The awakened of the Russian soldier had begun!

I had left my medals and crosses in Petrograd before starting out on the fateful errand. Borrowing some money from Madame Vasilieva, I went for them to Petrograd. The railway carriage in which I traveled was packed with about 150 soldiers. But they were no longer the cut-throats, the incensed and revengeful ruffians of two months ago. They did not threaten. They did not brag. The kindness of their real souls had again asserted itself. They even made a place for me, inviting me to sit down.

"Please, Botchkareva," they said, "take this seat."

"Thank you, comrades," I answered. "No, don't call us comrades any more. It's disgraceful now. The comrades are at present fleeing from the front, when the Germans threaten Moscow," some of them remarked.

One felt among friends. This comradeship was what endeared the Russian soldier to my heart. Not the comradeship of the agitators, not the comradeship so loudly proclaimed in the Bolshevik manifestos and proclamations, but the true comradeship that made the three years in the trenches the happiest of my life. That old spirit again filled the air. It was almost too good to be real. After the nightmare of revolution and terror, it felt like a dream. The soldiers were actually cursing Bolshevism, denouncing Lenin and Trotsky!

"How does it happen that you talk so sanely?" I asked.

"Because the Germans are moving on Moscow, and Lenin and Trotsky don't even snap their fingers," came in answer. "A soldier has escaped from Kiev and just telegraphed that the Germans are seizing Russians and sending them to Germany to help fight the allies. Lenin and Trotsky told us that the allies were our enemies. We now see that they are our friends."

Another soldier, who had been home on leave, told of an armed Red Guard detachment that descended on his village one fair day and robbed the peasants of all the bread they had, the product of their sweat and blood, exposing them to starvation.

"The people are hungry, that's why they join the Red Guard," one of the men remarked. "At least then they get food and arms with which to plunder. It is getting so that one is not safe unless he belongs to the Red Guard."

"But why don't you do something?" I addressed myself to them. "Everywhere I see the people are aroused, but they do nothing to overthrow the yoke."

"We have demanded more than once the resignation of Lenin and Trotsky. There were large majorities against

them at several elections. But they lean on the Red Guard and keep themselves in power in spite of the will of the people. The peasants are almost to a man against them."

"The more reason why you should be done!" I said. "Something ought to be done."

"What? Tell us what!" several wanted to know.

"Even to get together, for instance, and re-establish the front!" I suggested.

"We would, but we have nobody we can trust to lead us. All our good people are fighting among themselves," they replied. "Besides, we would need arms and food."

"You just said that the allies were our friends. Suppose we asked them to send us arms and food and help us to reorganize the front, would you be willing to fight the Germans again?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered some, "we would."

"No," replied others, "What if the allies got into Russia and wanted to take advantage of us, like the Germans?"

"Well, you must elect your own leader to co-operate with the allies only on condition that we fight till we defeat the enemy and finish the war," I proposed.

"But whom could we choose as our leader?" the men persisted. "All our chiefs are divided. Some are reputed

to be monarchists. Others are said to be exploiters of the poor laboring people. Still others are declared to be German agents. Where could we find a man that would not belong to one of these or other parties?"

"What if I, for instance, took charge, and became your leader?" I made bold to ask. "Would you follow me?"

"Yes, yes!" they cried. "We could trust you. You are a peasant yourself. But what could you do?"

"What could I do? You know that these soundrels are destroying Russia. The Germans are grasping everything they can lay hold on. I would try to restore the front!"

"But how?" they quizzed.

Here the idea of going to America originated in my mind. We had all heard that America was now one of the allies.

"What if I should go to America to ask them for help?" I ventured.

My companions all burst out laughing. America is so remote and so unreal to the Russian peasant. It did not sound like a practical proposition to the soldiers. But they raised only one objection.

"How would you get there? The Bolsheviks and Red Guards will never let you out of the country," they said.

"But if I did get there and to the other allies," I insisted, "and came back with an army and equipment, would you join me then, and would you have all your friends come with you?"

"Yes, we would! Yes! We know that you could not be bought. You are one of us!" they shouted.

"In that event, I will go to America," I announced resolutely, there and then making up my mind to go. The soldiers wouldn't believe me. When we reached Petrograd and I parted from them affectionately, with

their blessings following me, I did not forget to warn them to remember their pledge upon hearing of my arrival from foreign lands with troops.

I spent only several hours in Petrograd and did not go to General X. I got my war decorations from the woman friend with whom I had left them, and saw only a few of my acquaintances. I told all of them of the great change in the soldiers' state of mind, and they rejoiced.

"Thank God!" they exclaimed. "If the soldiers are waking up, then Russia will yet be saved."

After dinner I took a train back to Moscow. As usual, soldiers formed the larger part of the passengers. I listened to their discussions attentively, although this time I took no part in them, as there were a few Bolsheviks among the men, and I did not wish to divulge my plans. I heard many curse Lenin and Trotsky, and all expressed their willingness to go to fight the Germans. One fellow asked:

"How could you fight them, without leaders and organization?"

"Ah, that's the trouble," answered

several at once. "We have no leaders. If some appeared and only called on us, we would make short work of the Bolsheviks and drive the Germans out of Russia."

I said nothing, but remembered the words well. The people were groping for light. It strengthened my determination to go to the allied countries in search of help for Russia. But it was necessary to evolve some plan whereby I could get out of the country.

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try. A happy thought then occurred to me: I would make my destination the home of my valued friend, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, London.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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